WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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BASEM; OR, THE BLACKSMITH.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

THE moment the ſound of twenty drachms ſtruck the ear of Baſem, he found himſelf much diſpoſed to ſerve Otman; and having ſagacity enough to perceive, from what the chief of the Bildars had ſaid on giving him the order, that the pretended debt was unfounded, and only a pretence for putting ſome drachms in his pocket; eſpecially as the chief of the Bildars had told him plainly not to bring the confectioner in caſe he behaved to him with propriety, he ſpoke to Otman with great civility, who returned his compliments tenfold. "Mallim Otman," added he, "my advice to you is, that you do not go out of your door to-morrow, nor the next day after, nor this week, nor in this month, nor in this year, and when this year ſhall be finiſhed, there will be no neceſſity for your going to the palace." This affair being ſettled, Baſem, with the ſweetmeats in his hand, walked homewards, it being ſun-ſet. "I am Baſem, my proviſion is from God! What folly it was to think of leaving Bigdat! Where could I have been ſo well! This morning," ſaid he (converſing with himſelf), "five drachms, in the afternoon twenty, make in all twenty-five; then raiſing his eyes to heaven, Oh, my God! do not permit Baſem to expire in any profeſſion, but that of a Bildar! I ſhall every day be employed as God may pleaſe to direct. But by the ſecrecy of Ulla! I will make no change in that way of life to which I have been uninterruptedly accuſtomed for theſe twenty years; and why ſhould I, now that I am poſſeſſed of twenty-five drachms, beſides a lucrative office?"

Engaged wholly in theſe contemplations, Baſem walked ſlowly to his houſe, and changing his habit for the clothes he uſually wore, he went to the bazar, carrying plates and his pitcher along with him. "By Ullah," ſaid he, "now that I have twenty-five drachms, I will double my uſual allowance, to the confuſion of thoſe impertinent raſcals of Moſul, who buſy themſelves in other people's affairs." He accordingly expended ten drachms, increaſed the number of his candles, and put two wicks to each lamp, ſo that his houſe was lighted up more ſplendidly than ever. When all was in due order, he ſat down exulting, and drank off three large bumpers, not forgetting to carry each glaſs three times round the candle, and at each round to admire the brightneſs of his wine. "I am Baſem," ſaid he, "my proviſion is from the high God!" Filling a fourth bumper, he ſet it down on the table, and forgetting the blows he had received at the Mahkamy, he ſung a ſtanza of one of his beſt ſongs before drinking his wine.

Leaving Baſem with his wine, it is time to return to the Khalif and his two companions, Giafar and Meſrour. The Khalif was engaged in buſineſs till late in the afternoon, but as ſoon as Giafar and Meſrour appeared before him at night, "What," ſaid he to the miniſter, "do you imagine poor Baſem's ſituation to be at preſent? I have a ſtrong deſire to pay him our uſual viſit this night, to ſee how he bears his misfortunes, and hear him lament the deprivation of his cuſtomary debauch, which he told us he had continued for twenty years without the exception of one night, but which undoubtedly muſt be interrupted this night." "O Emeer al Moumaneen!" ſaid Giafar, "may the bleſſing of the Almighty ever attend you! Be prevailed on to let us remain this night where we are, and where you command; for if that man in the height of his enjoyment could hardly treat us with civility, what can we expect from his churliſh temper when aſſailed by grief, diſappointment, and hunger?" "All that is true," ſaid the Khalif, "but I cannot reſiſt the deſire to ſee him." "If it then muſt be," ſaid the miniſter, "let us at leaſt carry victuals with us to appeaſe his hunger; for, as the proverb ſays, If you feed the mouth the eyes brighten up." "I approve much of your advice," ſaid the Khalif, "the poor fellow muſt be hungry without any thing to eat; do you therefore provide whatever you think fit.

Giafar ordered immediately five fowls nicely cooked, and a large platter containing various victuals, and when all was ready the three Moſul merchants ſallied forth by the ſecret gate. When they came within ſight of Baſem's houſe, they were aſtoniſhed at the blaze of light which iſſued from his windows. On a nearer approach they found the maſter employed as uſual, and the firſt words that reached their ears were, "I am Baſem, and my proviſion is from God!" The Khalif taking his ſtation under the little window over the outer door, ſaid to Giafar. "This drunkard fairly baffles me; he gets the better of our ſtratagems; I am weary of the trouble I have taken, ſince we have not been able one night to diſappoint his debauch. But above all I am impatient to learn by what means he has been able to make a ſhow this night more ſplendid than ever; let us liſten if we can make out any thing from what he may drop in his cups." At that inſtant Baſem began a long jovial ſong, which he executed admirably to the great entertainment of the Khalif. As ſoon as the ſong was finiſhed, Giafar, by order of his maſter, knocked at the door. "Who is there?" exclaimed Baſem in a loud voice, "another interruption! Is it not enough what I have already ſuffered by thoſe raſcals of Moſul?"

"Nay, O Hadgi Baſem," replied Giafar in a conciliating tone, "pearl among men, and the ſun of liberality!" Baſem riſing from his ſeat, and looking from his window ſoon recognized them for his former viſitors, and thus addreſſed them: "You are neither wiſhed for nor welcome, I have no pleaſure in your preſence. Begone with your curſed prying into other men's affairs, begone I ſay! If you do not go off with your ill-omened faces, by Ullah I will come down ſtairs and break your legs and arms. What is it you want of me, that you cannot leave me one night at reſt!" "O Hadgi," ſaid Giafar, "we ſwear to you by the mighty Ullah, that we have here brought with us a ſmall repaſt, and requeſt that you would be pleaſed to open your door and accept of it." "You are more in want of it than I am," replied Baſem, "I am here in the midſt of plenty, I have got fleſh and fowl, and ſweetmeats, and every thing elſe in greater abundance than ever, and I have gained to-day as much as I was wont to gain in five days. But begone, get to a diſtance from me, nor look in my eyes; for were you to ſpeak of the Nile, its current would ſtop, you who are envious of man's proſperity. By the way, you talked of having brought ſomething with you, but by Ullah it is contrary to your cuſtom, and what your narrow ſouls are incapable of; you only ſay ſo to tempt me to open the door, that you may come up to divert yourſelves and laugh at my way of life. I have no more to ſay to you, ſo depart in peace."

"Be aſſured, O Hadgi," ſaid Giafar, "that after this night we will never again intrude on you, and that we only came, as was our duty, to take leave of you, as a friend." "I want none of your leave-taking," replied Baſem, "nor do I know of any friendſhip between us; but this I know, that my door ſhall not be opened, unleſs each of you take a ſolemn oath, that you will not vex me with your impertinence, by intermeddling with my affairs, and that none of you will ever trouble my houſe after this night!" All three having taken this oath, the door was opened, and they followed Baſem up ſtairs, to his apartment, where they found every thing prepared with extraordinary profuſion. They had been ſeated but a ſhort while, and Baſem had only drank a few bumpers, when the Khalif, ſpeaking aſide to Giafar, ſaid, "I am impatient to know whence this profuſion; ſurely ſomething extraordinary muſt have happened to-day; try to prevail on him to tell us." "It will be better, O lord of the true believers," replied Giafar, "that we ſtay till the wine ſhall have got more into his head; at preſent he is not in a diſpoſition to anſwer queſtions."

Baſem in ſilence continued carouſing without concerning himſelf about his gueſts, till the Khalif requeſted (as being the laſt night of their meeting) that he would favor them with ſome of his facetious diſcourſe, or with a jovial ſong. "Moſt cheerfully and willingly," replied Baſem. "You muſt know, my gueſts, (continued he,) that the ſpring is the prime of the ſeaſons, and the days of the roſes the moſt delightful of all others. It was long ago ſaid by Hippocrates the phyſician, That the man who does not rejoice in the ſpring, and rapturouſly taſte the vernal breezes, muſt have a faulty conſtitution which requires phyſic. Some Perſian philoſophers ſpeaking of the ſpring, reſemble it to beauty in the face; a ſmile that diſcovers fine teeth; grandeur and ſymmetry of ſtature; graceful motion; liberality of mind, and ſuavity of diſpoſition." After this grave harangue, Baſem entertained his gueſts with a number of pleaſant drinking ſongs, not forgetting his bumper between each, nor to ſmell the roſes which were ſtrewn on the table, and to which his ſongs often made alluſions.

The Khalif was ſo highly diverted, and Baſem in ſuch excellent humor, that it was late before he again deſired Giafar to queſtion Baſem about the tranſactions of the day. Giafar ſaid all he could to diſſuade the Khalif from incurring the riſk of enraging the man who was in good humor with them, and in the height of his jollity: but finding his maſter inflexible he was obliged to obey.

"Hadgi Baſam," ſaid he, "I beſeech you by Ullah and the laſt day, that you will acquaint us with the adventures of this day." "Do you really deſire it?" "We do indeed," replied Giafar. "Then," ſaid Baſem, "under the protection of Ullah I will relate them to you; not to afflict your hearts with ſorrow at my misfortunes, but that you may admire the ſtrange viciſſitudes of life. Know then, my gueſts, that I roſe this morning rather later than uſual, and rejoicing in the thought of being a meſſenger of the law, I went to the mahkamy and found the divan already aſſembled." He then related to them what he had ſuffered there. "And after this diſgrace, O my gueſts," continued he, "I returned home hardly knowing where I went, diſguſted with Bagdat, and even with life itſelf. This blockhead the Khalif and I, ſaid I to myſelf, can never live in the ſame place; ſo I reſolved to leave Bagdat to him; and to ſeek my fortune elſewhere. Here, where I am now ſo jovial, did I ſit down overwhelmed with affliction and deſpair; for I knew not whither to go, and had in my purſe neither a new fiſe, nor an old one. In this miſerable ſtate I remained an hour, and then ſtarting up to prepare for my journey, I ſhaped a piece of palm-tree, on which I uſed to hang my clothes, into the form of a ſword, and ſupplied it with an old ſcabbard, which I had luckily lying by me; round the hilt of my ſword I wrapped a piece of wax cloth. I then added another ſhaſh to my ordinary one, and alſo a piece of labet, in order to increaſe the ſize of my turban, which I carefully flattened, and puffed round the edges. I cut the ſleeves from my veſt, before putting it on, girt my waiſt with the belt of my ſword, and put the large ſtuffed turban on my head. In this garb I left my houſe, and as I ſtrutted along the ſtreet, with an almond twig in my hand, the people took me for one of the Khalif's Bildars. When I got to the armorer's bazar, I found two fellows a fighting, and covered with blood; the ſpectators were afraid to interfere, but I ſoon ſeparated them with my almond twig, and the Sheik of the bazar gave me five drachms to carry the culprits to the palace of the Khalif to be puniſhed. I accepted the money, as a help to my intended journey, and marched off with my priſoners, but let them eſcape by the way. However, being near the palace, I entered the gates, and ſaw Giafar ſitting in his chamber of audience." Baſem concluded with a particular account of his reception at the ſhop of Mallim Otman, the confectioner, and of the preſent he received from him.

[To be continued.]

JEALOUSY OF AN ARAB.

AN Arab of the Deſert became violently enamored of a young woman, who was not of his tribe. The law abſolutely forbad ſuch an alliance, but his conſtancy and the ardor of his paſſion ſurmounted this obſtacle. As he was richer than her he was in love with, the parents of the woman obtained leave to ſupercede the general law, and the lover became happy, if happineſs can exiſt in a breaſt tormented with jealouſy.

The huſband ſoon diſcovered that he had a potent rival: diſcontented love, ſo much reſembling hatred, perſuaded him to baniſh both himſelf and wife to the inmoſt receſſes of the deſert. He ſet out with her, and after a journey of ſeveral days, he choſe for his reſidence a place the moſt agreeable to his eyes, as it was perfectly ſolitary, and far remote from any habitation.

Scarce had he pitched his tent, under which was repoſing that wife who cauſed him ſo much pleaſure and ſo much pain, when he perceived at a diſtance three men on horſeback, and among them his rival: inflamed with anger he attacked the foremoſt, in ſpite of the inequality of numbers, and was ſoon wounded in ſeveral places. In ſelling his life dearly, he had wounded his rival alſo; and while his friends were aſſiſting him, the furious Arab crept into his tent: his wife flying to his relief; "Die with me," ſaid he, fixing his eyes full of love and fury on her, "rather than become the prey of an infamous robber." At theſe words, he plunged his dagger into her breaſt: their blood mingling together flowed profuſely around, and they expired at the ſame time, in ſight of the raviſher, who reaped no fruit, but his wounds, from his criminal enterprize.

APHORISMS.

CONSULT Nature; it will teach you to be content without riches. Liſten to Avarice, and it will teach you the art of being poor and miſerable in the midſt of plenty.

A modeſt deportment gains the eſteem of men; but pride, or affectation, their contempt.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. SUWARROW.

JOY to the world---let Fame's loud trump be blown---
From Death's ſtrong bow, th' unerring arrow flies---
Wild MURDER ſhrieks---the fiends of battle moan,
For lo! the bloody Chief---SUWARROW---dies.

Ha! as his ſpirit ſeeks its dark abode
How frighted ſpectres from his preſence flee!
TYRANTS who dipp'd their feet in human blood,
Start at the man, SUPREME IN CRUELTY.

NERO, aghaſt, averts his horrid eyes!
And pale CALIGULA aſtoniſh'd ſtands!
While burſts of blaſting execrations riſe
From mangled legions, ſlaughtered by his hands.

Thy reign was long---ſcourge of a bleeding land,
Too long thy ſabre did forget its ſheath---
But lo! th' avenger lifts his awful hand
And thou art ſwept into the gulph of Death.

Dreadful SUWARROW!---ſure no former ſuns,
Ere ſaw a murderer half ſo fell as thee,
Plunderer of provinces, thou fed'ſt on groans,
Thy ſpirit laugh'd at man's calamity.

Oh may no day that henceforth gilds the earth,
See THY RESEMBLANCE its bright circuit ſtain,
Nor ſeenes, may WAR from all her ſtores bring forth,
Like thoſe on ISMAEL and WARSAW's plain. [*]

But ſhould ſome future wretch thy crimes aſſume
And waſte the peopl'd world---Oh then may Fame
Snatch his black memory from Oblivion's gloom,
And brand the monſter with SUWARROW's name.

May 28, 1800. ARETHUSA.

[*] NOTE.

☞ After a ſevere conflict of eight hours, the reſiſtance on the part of the Poles ceaſed; but the maſſacre by the deteſtable SUWARROW, who, from his habitual cruelty, was ſelected for this ſervice, continued for two hours longer; and the pillage laſted till noon on the following day. Five thouſand Poles were computed to have been ſlain in the aſſault; the remainder were either impriſoned or diſperſed. The citizens of Warſaw were compelled to lay down their arms, and their houſes were plundered by the mercileſs Ruſſians, who, after the battle had ceaſed nearly ten hours, about nine o'clock at night ſet fire to the town, and again began to maſſacre the inhabitants; nine thouſand perſons, unarmed men, defenceleſs women, and harmleſs infants, periſhed either in the flames or by the ſword, and nearly the whole of the ſuburb was reduced to aſhes. In the whole of this ſiege it is computed that not leſs than 30,000 of the Poles were inhumanly put to death.

TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

MAY you, C*******, hourly prove
The triumph of a virtuous mind!
May peace and pleaſure crown your love,
And mutual faith your contract bind!

Bleſt with the huſband of your choice,
'Tis your's to gild his days with joy,
To make the friend you love rejoice,
And ev'ry anxious care deſtroy.

Let meekneſs ev'ry action grace,
Nor ever think your huſband wrong;
Good-humor beautify your face,
And fond affection guide your tongue.

Such are the duties of a wife,
And ſuch are ever ſure to charm:
By theſe you'll paſs a bliſsful life,
Nor can the breath of Slander harm.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT.

O GOD! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner!---In comfort here
Safe ſhelter'd as I am, I almoſt fear
The blaſt that rages with reſiſtleſs pow'r.

What were it now to toſs upon the waves-----
The madden'd waves---and no, no ſuccor near!
The howling of the ſtorm alone to hear,
And the wild ſea that to the tempeſt raves!

To gaze amidſt the horrors of the night,
And only ſee the billows' gleaming light!---
Amid the dread of death to think of her,
Who, as ſhe liſtens, ſleepleſs, to the gale,
Puts up a ſilent pray'r, and waxes pale;
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

REVENGE.

AN Italian gentleman, of ſome conſequence, having received an affront from one of equal rank, was reſolved (notwithſtanding every conceſſion had been made) to have ample vengeance for the indignity he had received; but the better to conceal the inveteracy of his hatred, appeared to have forgiven the penitent offender. Lulled into ſecurity by this appearance of reconciliation, the unſuſpicious man conſented to accompany him in an evening walk; and, allured by the pleaſantry of his converſation did not obſerve that his companion conducted him to a very retired ſpot, until he was apprized of his danger by the rude hand of violence from the very being in whoſe preſence he had fancied himſelf ſecure.---"Curſe you Creator!" exclaimed the inhuman wretch---pointing a dagger to his unprotected boſom---"or expiate with your life the offence I have received!"

Shocked at the bare idea of ſuch iniquity, the trembling ſuppliant implored leſs hard conditions; but finding all perſuaſions fail, at length conſented to the horrid deed. Exulting in the accompliſhment of his wiſh, the deteſted monſter inſtantly plunged the weapon in his breaſt, declaring that his vengeance was complete, as his ſoul and body both muſt PERISH.

ATTATCHMENT OF A BLIND COUPLE.

THE Decade Philoſophique, a French periodical work, contains the following intereſting anecdote of a young man and woman, of Franconville, who were born blind. Their parents had given them frequent opportunities of being together, that they might mutually alleviate the melancholy ſituation of each other. Their friendly conſolations ſoon changed into love, and the day of their nuptials was fixed---A ſtranger, happening to ſee them, was ſo warmly affected for their ſituation, that he carried them to Paris, and conſulted an oculiſt on their caſe. The latter pronounced, that one of them might be cured. When this was announced to them, it was carefully concealed which of the two were capable of receiving this great benefit. A keen diſpute then aroſe between them on the probable effects of the propoſed operation upon the ſentiments of the perſon who ſhould recover the uſe of ſight, and upon their reciprocal proteſtations of mutual attachment. It was the female on whom the operation was performed, and it perfectly ſucceeded. Although her parents wiſhed to procure her another huſband, faithful to her promiſe, ſhe gave her hand to her old companion in misfortune, for whom ſhe preſerved her former tenderneſs.---Her delicate attachment led her to conceal from her huſband the pleaſures ſhe derived from ſight, in which he could not ſhare, as ſhe imparted to him only what was calculated to be uſeful, without exciting regret at the advantages of which he was deprived.

ANECDOTE.

BISHOP LATIMER having one day preached before King Henry the Eighth a ſermon which had diſpleaſed his Majeſty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sunday, and to make an apology for the offence he had given. After naming his text, the good Biſhop thus began his ſermon. "Hugh Latimer, doſt thou know before whom thou art this day to ſpeak? To the high and mighty Monarch, the King's moſt excellent Majeſty, who can take away thy life if thou offendeſt; therefore take heed that thou ſpeakeſt not a word that may diſpleaſe. But then conſider well, Hugh, doſt thou not know from whence thou comeſt, upon whoſe meſſage thou art ſent? Even by the Great and mighty God! who is all-preſent; and who beholdeth all thy ways; and who is able to caſt thy ſoul into Hell, therefore take care thou deliver eſt thy meſſage faithfully." He then proceeded with the ſame ſermon he had preached the preceding Sunday, but with conſiderably more energy. The ſermon ended, the court were full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honeſt and plain-dealing Biſhop. After dinner, the King calls for Latimer, and, with a ſtern countenance, aſked him, "How he dared he ſo bold as to preach in ſuch a manner?" He, falling on his knees, replied, "His duty to his God, and his Prince, had enforced him thereunto, and that he had merely diſcharged his duty and his conſcience in what he had ſpoken."---Upon which, the King riſing from his ſeat, and taking the good man by the hand, embraced him, ſaying, "Bleſſed be God, I have ſo honeſt a ſervant!"

MAXIM.

Diſhoneſt men conceal their faults from themſelves as well as others; honeſt men know and confeſs them.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1800.

Yesterday morning arrived the ship Sandwich, a prize to the Constitution Frigate, Commodore Talbot. She was cut out of Port-a-Platt, on the 11th inst. by the boats belonging to the Constitution, under the command of the first Lieutenant. She formerly was an English packet, and was taken some time since by the French.

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Tuesday morning last, the President of the United States left Philadelphia, on his journey to the seat of government, at the city of Washington. He was accompanied by his private Secretary, Mr Shaw.

Yesterday was fixed upon for the removal of the Secretary of State's office to that place.

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SUWARROW, the sanguinary and ferocious Suwarrow, (whose memory the faithful historian will consign to infamy when the cruelties of Warsaw and Ismael are to be recorded) is "gone to his account." He died suddenly on the 2d March, at his estate near Kobrin.

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Captain Atkins, who arrived at Charleston on the 12th instant from the Havanna, informs, that the day before he left that port, two privateer schooners belonging to New-Providence, of 14 and 10 guns, were brought in there by a King's brig which was from La Vera Cruz. The brig had on board 400,000 dollars in specie. The privateers to the westward of Cape Antonio; the Captain of the brig endeavored to avoid them but finding it impossible, made ready for action. The battle lasted two hours and a half, during which the privateers made several attempts to board, which did not succeed. One of the English Captains was killed, and a large proportion of his crew. The Spanish brig mounted 16 guns twelve pounders. One of the privateers is called the Eagle; the name of the other, Captain Atkins does not recollect.

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The following are the particulars of the manner in which his Majesty's ship Danae got in possession of the French on the 13th March. Cruizing off the coast of France, most of the officers being then below, part of the crew began to mutiny, the most active of whom were eleven Frenchmen, who had been captured on board the Bordelais French privateer, but afterwards entered into the English service. They were headed by an Englishman of the name of Jackson, who, by a private signal, brought most of the crew to their assistance. The master, who had the watch upon deck, was knocked down and made prisoner, and steps being taken to secure all the officers, resistance being made by them, the crew brought guns to bear on the cabin, into which they fired several shots, before they could accomplish their design. Captain Lord Proby and the master are said to be much wounded. As soon as the mutineers had gained possession of the ship, they made all the sail they could, and ran her into Brest.

[London paper.

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The American Letter of Marque Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, of 24 guns, and 96 men, George Stiles commander, on her passage from Lisbon to London, on the 17th March, fifteen leagues from Scilly, fell in with a French privateer of 24 guns, and apparently full of men. A smart and close action commenced and continued for half an hour, within musket shot. The privateer finding it too warm, bore away, and owing to his sweeps, ranged too miles ahead, when a breeze sprung up, which enabled the Samuel Smith to pursue her 28 hours, the distance of 240 miles; going the last 6 hours eleven and an half knots; but she escaped, owing to the darkness of the night. Capt Stiles's ship suffered much in his spars, rigging and sails, but not a man hurt. The enemy must have suffered more; for the Samuel Smith's battery was directed at her hull, and as she bore up, her mizen topmast and tri-coloured flag went over the side.

The ship that engaged Capt. Stiles, it appears, was the Mars of Bourdeaux, of 20 twelve pounders, a large carronades, and 173 men, captured and sent into Plymouth by the Amethyst, Capt. Cooke. Her loss in the engagement with Capt. Stiles is said to have been seven killed and thirteen wounded.

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Extract of a letter from Washington, Pennsylvania, dated May 12.

"By an officer of the United States army, who passed through this town on the 7th inst. from Knoxville, we are informed that a war is likely to take place between the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. The cause of the dispute is said to be,—That a Chickasaw chief erected a ferry on the Tennessee river, on the crossing place from Orleans to Kentucky. A chief of the Choctaws (Double-head) sent him word that he would erect one on the opposite side of the river. The Chickasaw replied, that he would take his scalp if he attempted it. The two tribes have taken up the quarrel, and, as our informant says, are preparing for war."

—

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Paris, to his friend in this city, dated the 9th March, 1800.

"Our Commissioners began their negociations on the 27th, and I suspect will finish in the course of a month or six weeks. I have not yet learned the propositions they have made. The First Consul leaves this for Dijon on the 16th; but it is not expected the campaign will be very active, and many believe in a peace, which I think very probable. The stocks have taken a rapid rise within a day or two. The government have passed an arrette forming a court of admiralty to sit at Paris, which will try all vessels taken as well by ships of government as privateers; those who are unfortunately captured, will now have a better prospect of obtaining justice."

—

TURIN, March 17.

Of the fresh expedition of the French against the inhabitants of Fontana-Buona, our official gazette contains the following details: "On the 5th inst. the French general Massena, with a corps of five or six thousand men, marched against Fontana-Buona, intending to punish the inhabitants with fire and sword. The insurgents, apprised of the approach of the enemy, and of their views, executed the following plan, assisted by the small body of Austrians with them. On the enemy's approach they divided themselves on both sides of the high road, laid in ambush, and left the road clear for the enemy, who advanced rapidly, and immediately attacked the Austrians in front. The conflict had scarcely begun, when suddenly the insurgents left their ambush, surrounded the enemy, and thus brought them betwixt two fires. Of the French 800 remained dead on the field of battle; the number of their wounded and prisoners was still more considerable; 113 officers, two of them generals were wounded, and one of them, general Arnould, soon afterwards died of his wounds.

April 2.

On the 10th ult the French in the Genoese territory again made an expedition against Ovada, with a view to carry off by surprise the corn magazines, but they were not successful. In and near Genoa there are 9000 French. On the western coast of Genoa (Riviera di Ponente) the French have thrown up a great number of intrenchments. In the late actions against the Insurgents of Fontana, Gen. Massena, it is said, had a narrow escape, a ball passing through his hat. In the whole 122 villages in the Genoese territory are now in arms against the French. The leader of the Insurgents, Leverone, has published a proclamation, requiring the other Genoese to join him.

—

PARIS, April 20.

The letters and news from Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, which arrived to-day, continue to announce, as very probable, that a speedy peace will take place between Austria and France. Yet the armies bear a menacing appearance every where, though they have not been engaged; nothing but affairs of post have hitherto taken place. There was a report of a very serious action on the 11th Germinal (April 1) on the side of Bregenz. But this rumor had no foundation. Some skirmishes took place on the 19th (April 9) in the environs of Wickert. This is all that is certain in the rumors circulated for some days respecting the resumption of hostilities. Yet not to forget any thing, we must add, that a journal of this evening announces that Moreau was to cross the Rhine yesterday.

—

VIENNA, March 19.

By a courier from Cardinal Herzan, who arrived from Venice in four days, we have received intelligence of the election of a new POPE, by a complete majority of votes, in the person of Cardinal GREGORY BARNABAS CHIARAMONTE, from the order of the Benedictines, hitherto Bishop of Imola, a native of Cesena, 53 years of age. He has assumed the name of PIUS VII.

—

DIED.

At Boston, MOSES GILL, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the State of Massachusetts.

COURT of HYMEN.

THRICE blissful state! how happy their employ
Who live to love!—whose every hour is joy!

—

MARRIED

By the Rev Dr Phebus, Mr BARNEY COLLES, to Mrs. LUCRETIA CULVER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 8th inst. at Newtown, (L. I) by the Rev Mr Schoonmaker, Mr JAMES SCHOONMAKER, of Flat-Bush, (L. I.) to Miss GITTY VANDERVOORT, of that place.

On Wednesday evening, the 21st inst. at Flat-Bush, by the Rev Mr Lowe, Mr JOHN ASHTON, of this city, to Miss HANNAH TRION WINGFIELD, of that place.

On Thursday evening, the 22d inst at Flat-Bush, (L. I.) by the Rev Mr Lowe, Mr BAXTER, of this city, to Miss ELEANOR BOGART, of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev Mr Miller, Mr THOMAS SHAPTER, to Miss MARGARET STERLING, both of this city.

On Sunday last, at Cow Neck, (L. I.) by the Rev Mr Hart, DANIEL REEVE, Merchant, of Smith Town, to SUSAN SELLS of Cow Neck.

On Tuesday evening last, at Flushing, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr Rattoone, Mr. BENJAMIN PRINCE, to Miss REBECCA WILLETS, both of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Bassett, Mr JOHN M'LEOD, of this city, to Miss MARIA ROOSEVELT.

At Bedford, Massachusetts, by the Rev Mr Stearns, Mr. MATHEW POHARD to Mrs ELIZABETH LANE, after a moderate courtship of 25 years.

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale at John Harrisson's Book-Store, Peck-Slip,

THE FIRST VOLUME OF

POEMS,

BY

SAMUEL LOW.

☞ The second volume is now in the press.

THEATRE.

Mr. MARTIN

Respectfully acquaints his friends and the public in general that his BENEFIT is fixed for MONDAY, June the 2d. He takes this liberty of observing, that, on a former occasion, the situation of some of the nights then pending prevented his producing such novelty, as not only customary, but a duty; he therefore, previous to seeing the receipts, had declined the emoluments, upon a proviso that he was indulged with another and more favorable opportunity. He now solicits anew their patronage, which will assist him to realize a celebrated COMEDY, of Kotzebue, called

The Happy Family;

Universally esteemed the most chaste and elegant of his productions.

After the Comedy, will be performed (for the 2d time) a favorite Musical Entertainment, in one act, called

The Sailor's Triumph,

Or, The Family Picture.

To which will be added, a PANTOMIME, in one act, called

The Whitsun Frolic;

Or, Harlequin Gladiator.

☞ Tickets to be had at the usual places, and of Mr. Martin, No. 38 Chamber-Street.

Lottery.

TICKETS REGISTERED and EXAMINED during the drawing of the LOTTERY, at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

☞ A few Tickets yet for sale.

FILTERING STONES.

A pair of the best quality, extremely useful at sea, for purifying and cooling water, for sale, enquire at this office.

FOR SALE,

Five years and a quarter of the time of a NEGRO BOY, about 19 years old; he is a good cook, and can attend at table, and understands taking care of a horse. Enquire of the Printer. May 31. 05.

COURT of APOLLO.

ODE TO A CRICKET.

LITTLE guest, with merry throat,
That chirpeſt by my taper's light,
Come prolong thy blithſome note,
Welcome viſitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney ſafely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt ſhall beat,
Or chaſe thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all my woes,
While around us ſighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repoſe,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what paſſion moves thy breaſt?
Does ſome flame employ thy care?
Perhaps with love thou art oppreſt,
A mournful victim to deſpair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and ſing, and baniſh care;
Here aſylum thou ſhalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

Cooſohatchie, South-Carolina. JOHN DAVIS.

SONG.

WHY does that gentle boſom heave?
For whom eſcapes that tender ſigh?
Can any woes AMANDA grieve,
Or force a tear from that bright eye?

Has any falſe deceitful youth
Betray'd thy unſuſpecting heart?
Say, has he broke his plighted truth,
And made thy peaceful boſom ſmart?

Ah! had he but a heart like mine,
No tears ſhould fill AMANDA's eye?
That gentle breaſt ſhould ne'er repine,
Nor ever heave one anxious ſigh.

With fondeſt care he'd calm thy woes,
And watch thee all the live-long day;
At night would ſooth thee to repoſe,
And drive thy ſorrows far away.

Then, fair AMANDA, turn to me,
And let my boſom ſhare thy pain;
That tender ſigh, which ſtole from thee,
My breaſt ſhall pay thee back again.

Ah could a hope that breaſt inſpire,
Theſe little ſighs might kindred prove,
Awaken'd by the ſame deſire,
And that deſire be mutual love.

ANECDOTE.

A Perſian monarch having ſent a very celebrated phyſician to the calif Muſtapha, the firſt queſtion he aſked was, how they in general lived about the court: he was anſwered, "they never eat but when hungry, and then not entirely as much as they can." "I may as well keep away then," ſaid he, "I ſhall not have any thing to do."

MINIATURE PAINTING.

MR. PARISEN reſpectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that, from his late improvement in that art, and the great ſucceſs he has had in the likeneſſes he has lately taken, he will engage to draw the moſt perfect likeneſs, and finely painted in miniature. Should any of his pictures not prove properly ſatisfactory in regard to the likeneſſes or painting, Mr. P. will requeſt no compenſation for his trouble.------Profiles, and all kinds of hair devices, neatly executed. No 252 William-ſtreet. 04 tf

WANTED,

Two Apprentices to a genteel buſineſs,---enquire of the printer. May 3. 02 4w

Free Maſonry.

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY:

Or, the Morality and Practice of Free-Maſonry.

Illuſtrated and explained in fourteen Lectures, by Wm. Hutchinſon, Maſter of the Lodge of Concord, Barnard-Caſtle, England.

SANCTIONED BY THE GRAND LODGE.

This work is highly deſerving the approbation of Maſons, and very neceſſary for them to poſſeſs: it is one of thoſe guides to perfection in the duties of their calling, which every perſon deſirous of valuable information, will find his intereſt in conſulting.

THE MARYLAND AHIMAN REZON,

OR

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS:

CONTAINING,

The Hiſtory of Maſonry, from the eſtabliſhment of the Grand Lodge to the preſent time; with their ancient Charges, Addreſſes, Prayers, Lectures, Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, &c. collected from their old Records, faithful Traditions, and Lodge Books.

Compiled by order of the Grand Lodge of Maryland.

JOHN BLACK,

Book binder, Book-ſeller and Stationer,

Has removed from No 5 to No. 31 Cedar-ſtreet, eaſt ſide of Broadway, where Book-Binding is done in every mode of its branches, with alacrity, both neat and ſtrong.

Wanted, a ſteady, ſober, induſtrious Journeyman, that is a good workman; and an Apprentice, between fourteen and fifteen years old, of good morals and pretty good education, to learn the Book-Binding, and to attend a Book-Store when occaſion requires

NB Subſcriptions received for Mr Dunlap's German Theatre. ☞ State Road LOTTERY TICKETS, no. 2, Regiſtered and Examined----warranted correct, or no pay. Old books ſold, bought, or exchanged 04 4w

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the ſubſcribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Iſland to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY)--And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the ſtricteſt attention on both ſides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York, May 10. 09 tf

Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINARY from No 13 to No. 121 William-ſtreet, (the houſe lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her cuſtomers and others may be ſupplied as uſual, with the following articles, on the loweſt terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Roſets for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waiſt--with a general aſſortment of Milinary as uſual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above buſineſs. May 3. tf

ANDREW R. MILLER,

No. 99 William-Street,

IN addition to his aſſortment of DRY GOODS, has received a handſome aſſortment of Plain and Spangled paper Fans, richly Spangled Silk do. Plain black Paper and Crape do. Rich Cloak-Sattin, different colors. Pelings, &c Fine black and white Laces and Edgings. Fine India Book Muſlins. Wadding for interlinings. Silk Velvet of different colors. Furniture Dimity. A large aſſortment of Sattin and China Ribbons, worthy the attention of country merchants. 79 tf

GEORGE BUCKMASTER,

BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-ſtreet, oppoſite the Hay Scales, Slip Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat ſhop from Water-ſtreet to the above ſituation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almoſt every dimention, and on terms as low as anyin New-York.

NB Sweeps and Oars of all ſizes.

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for Sale by J. Harriſſon, no. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,

AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Are juſt publiſhed by JONAS BULL, no. 403 Pearl Street, at 50 cents in boards, and 62 cents neatly bound and lettered; and may be had of the following booksellers;

Samuel Campbell, 124 Pearl-Street;
William Falconer, corner of Pine and Water-Street;
John Harriſſon, no 3 Peck-Slip; and
Jona Furman, in Broad-Street, oppoſite the city hall.

SOMERVILLE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The following New Novels are juſt received:

AZALAIS and Aimar, a Provencal Hiſtory of the 13th century, 3 vols. Family of Lucerne, a Novel, by the author of the Duke of Clarence, 2 vols. Feudal Events, or Days of Yore, 2 vols. Henry of Northumberland, or the Hermit's Cell, a Tale of the 15th century, 3 vols. Harcourt, a Novel, by the author of the Myſterious Wife, 4 vols. Mad Man of the Mountain, a Tale, 2 vols. Romance of the Caſtle, 2 vols. May 10.

A MORNING SCHOOL,

FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wiſh to improve in Reading, Engliſh Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Aſtronomy and Geography, the uſe of the Globes and Maps, will have the ſtricteſt attention paid to their inſtruction, by the ſubſcriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no 91 Beekman-ſtreet. GAD ELY.

JOHN WESSELLS,

LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-ſtreet, near the Roman Chapel,

Has for ſale, an aſſortment of the moſt faſhionable Looking Glaſſes, with mahogany frames, which he will ſell on the moſt reaſonable terms. April 5. 1800. 97 1y

The greateſt cleaner and beautifier of the FACE, is undoubtedly

ANDREW'S SPECIFIC LOTION.

This celebrated Lotion has received the higheſt encomiums from the inhabitants of this city, and from many Medical characters in Europe and this city, who having ſeen its good effects, do not heſitate to give it their ſanction. As a ſpeedy, effectual and ſafe remedy it is unrivalled, and has performed cures in this city, when Medical aid, Gowland's and many other Lotions, could give no relief.

For eruptions and impurities of the Face, from whatever cauſe ariſing, as----Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Carbuncles, Blackworms, Freckles, Sunburn, and immoderate uſe of Paint, it need only be tried to convince the moſt timid perſon of its ſuperior efficacy in cleaning and beautifying the Face. It is warranted to be harmleſs to the tendereſt conſtitution, and innocent to the moſt delicate complexion---on the contrary, it will reſtore to the ſkin its wonted pureneſs, and preſerve it thin, ſoft, tranſparent and elaſtic.

NB. Each bottle has a certificate ſigned by the proprietor, without which it cannot be genuine.

☞ It is ſold in bottles, with directions, (price one dollar each) by R Bach, No. 128 Pearl-ſtreet, and J and M. Paff, No. 112 Broadway, New-York. Feb. 8---89 12

THOMAS PEDLEY,

Perfumer and Hair Dreſſer,

Reſpectfully informs the public that he continues his buſineſs at no 219 Water-ſtreet, near Crane-Wharf, where he has for ſale, juſt from London, a complete aſſortment of Perfumery, and Ladies Braids of all ſizes and colours. Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps made on the ſhorteſt notice.

KOTZEBUE'S WORKS.

Juſt publiſhed, and for ſale at N. Judah's Book Store, No. 47 Water-Street,

PIZARRO, a Tragedy, price 2s. LOVERS VOWS, a Comedy. COUNT BENYOWSKY, do. STRANGER, do.

CONSTANT LOVERS, or William and Jeanette, a Novel, price 6s.

Encomiums on the works of Van Kotzebue would be ſuperfluous. 82---tf.

An Elegant Aſſortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's

MOROCCO POCKET BOOKS,

for ſale at no. 3 Peck-ſlip.

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